The Second Part, to the ſame tune.

I See since Satan sent his Starch
to beautifie our necks,
Good houses are in Hatches lockt,
are poore are fed with checks.
I see each man is for himselfe,
and God I trust for all,
I see unlesse we doe repent,
great plagues will us befall.

I see such sundry sorts of sinne,
in every place to be,
That England may right well be call'd
the Shop of Vanitie.
I see the sacred Sabbath day,
how much it is abused
With Playes & pastimes every way,
all goodnesse quite refused.

I see the lovers of Gods Word
in number grow so small,
That if the world should long remain,
we shall see none at all: (true,
I see Christs words will prove most
which want doth grieve my mind,
That when to judgment he doth come,
he little faith shall find.

We shall see then he will not weep
for us, as for the Jewes;
No, no, let's never looke for that,
he comes with other newes.

But let us then perswaded be,
lest we repent in haste,
To drinke of that most dreadfull woe,
which Bethsaida did taste.

Or like as Sodome, which for sinne
was thrown down to the ground,
Whose fearefull end might make us
that now in sinne abound. (quails;
And thus my faithfull friends farewel,
with griefe I have you told,
What heinous sins throughout the
I see in young and old. (world

Now unto God with humble heart
I with all Christians pray,
These Weeds of Vice may wasted be,
before that dreadfull day.
And let all loving Subjects true,
which have my travell seene,
Lift up their voyces and say with me,
God save our King and Queene.

FINIS.

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